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## The Intellectual Influence of Music.

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BY J. S. DWIGHT.

(Continued from page 333.)

Now here we have to meet perhaps the most respectable of all the phases of the scepticism with regard to music. It has its spring in certain sensitive consciences, perhaps intelligently, sincerely musical, but with a proneness to self-accusation when they find themselves enjoying. These, while they own their hearts are moved, as the flushed face and glistening eyes testify, while they admit the claim of music to be called the language of the heart, with power to melt, transport, instead of reasoning and convincing, appear to fancy that they but disparage it by such admission. They say it is a sentimental rather than an intellectual mood to which it ministers; that it is a matter of mere feeling and emotion; below the intellectual, the voluntary, moral principle, inferior to poetry, philosophy, or doctrine, since in it we simply yield ourselves to passive rapture. Strange if one could always enjoy tasting fruit, and never planting!

It is common to define music as the natural language of feeling, while words are the expression of ideas, of thoughts. And so, indeed, it is; but not in a mere sentimental sense; for do we not distinguish between music which awakens feelings wholesome, high, impersonal, and more allied to intellect than sense, enamored not with pleasure solely, but with truth, and beauty as a type and symbol of the highest truth,—and music which is shallow, maudlin, commonplace in its expression, attractive to the selfish, sentimental, vulgar mind? The truest feeling, such as true art, true music breathes and makes appeal to, is of a more intellectual temper. Heart quickens brain; then thought reacts on feeling, and carries it up to a sense of perfect order, to a holy love and yearning after unity.

It by no means covers the whole significance of music to call it the language of feeling; though, rightly understood, there might not be a higher definition. The poet truly sings:

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought."

But then he means the feeling which is "deep," and which relates us to the highest universal ends of being. Now musical art, to be sure, does not describe objects, nor narrate histories, nor unfold cosmogonies and systems of philosophy and ethics, as some imaginative expounders of "Ninth Symphonies" would have us think. It does not express ideas, except of the kind technically known as musical ideas, pregnant little germs of melody, capable of logical development in a way analogous to the development of thoughts. And here, by way of caution, lest we be misunderstood in claiming that music is intellectual and has meaning, we would take occasion once for all to wash our hands of all responsibility for that kind of musical interpretation which seeks to trace a story, a mythology, a thread of doctrine, throughout such or such a symphony, sonata, or "tone-poem"; and to express our conviction that music stoops from its proper, higher mission when it undertakes to describe scenes or imitate sounds in nature; and that it is never less intellectual, or more regardless of its own chaste integrity, than when it takes the form of "programme music," not trusting its own proper element, but borrowing chances of effect *ab extra*, and dividing the attention as if to cover its own insufficiency. Music must be sufficient of itself. The highest kind of music is pure music, that which lives and moves in purely musical ideas. Yet nothing is more natural than to try to describe the effect

upon you of a piece of music by calling up such images, associations, trains of thought, analogous effects in other spheres, as it may have awakened in your mind. You clutch at all these feeble helps in your enthusiastic, vain endeavors to describe the witching thing. This you may do legitimately, so long as you profess no more, and do not try to reverse the order, and make it appear that the music was written to describe your thought. For here we find the true relation between thought and feeling in the sphere of music. Music in one sense describes, by awakening the feelings with which objects, thoughts, experiences, are inevitably associated; every such feeling may of course awaken many images and many memories in many minds; but there will be, at least, some vague analogy, affinity between them; so that music, even of the most pure and abstract sort (such as a stringed quartet by Mozart) is always heard to best advantage on the fit occasion. If it be wedded to words, as in a song, an opera, an oratorio, these in a measure must determine its expression, though it bring out new meanings such as the words alone could hardly have conveyed. Yet take the words away, the music could not be translated into them, would not enable you to find them, though it would put you in a state of mind and feeling in which those or kindred thoughts and words might offer themselves most aptly.

This brings us to the heart of the matter. Leaving objections, we come back to positive statement. The highest definition of music, its full significance and worth, is to be sought mainly in the highest kind of music; that is to say, pure music, dealing in purely musical ideas, conscious of no outward purpose, content in its own world, pre-occupied with its own peculiar mission, which is too divine to need the justification of any end to serve. This, indeed, is the first principle of truth in art of any kind.

In this we find the intellectuality of music. For music, in this view, is the most abstract, pure embodiment and type of universal law and movement. It is a key to the divine method throughout all the ordered distribution of the worlds of matter and of spirit. It is the most fluid, free expression of form, in the becoming (what the Germans call *das Werden*); form developing according to intrinsic and divine necessity. There is nothing arbitrary in music; no acquiring any power in it except by patient, reverent study and mastering of divine proportions and the eternal laws of fitness. Goethe says: "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted; it is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

Hence the study of the laws of fugue and counterpoint, the subtle art of what is called the *polyphonic* interweaving of the parts in harmony, the learning to develop out of a little melodic phrase of theme or motive, as from a seed thought, all the wealth of meaning and of beauty there concealed and waiting for the touch of fairy wand of genius, is at least as good a kind of higher intellectual gymnastics as the transcendental mathematics, or the categorical chains of logic, or the perpetually shifting, vanishing cloud-forms of metaphysics. Good music has a logic of its own; none more severe, more subtle, and surely none so fascinating, for it leads, it charms into the Infinite.

Even to contemplate the elementary phenomena in nature, upon which all the wonders of the musical art are founded, is to find ourselves in presence of enchanting facts, of laws so intellectual, so inexhaustible in their suggestion, such startling revelations of an infinitely beautiful organic, all-pervading living order, that the soul is

filled with awe as if the very air were tremulous with Deity. For what is music? Its substance common air. Its form vibration. All beauty, in whatever art, is the result, the impressed form of motion,—free, unimpeded, even motion; and motion, movement, is the universal sign and undeniable assertion of force, of power, of inspiration, in a word, of life; and, finally, all free, undisturbed motion is vibratory, undulating, measured, proportionate, rhythmical. Physically, then, music is motion, and it is nothing else. And nothing moves that does not impress upon the air a vibration, or (which is the same thing) a sound, a tone. If I sing to you, a vibration of my soul, my feeling, imparts itself to the atmospheric medium, travelling on until it becomes a vibration in your soul, your feeling. The spiritual fact of music answers to this physical fact. Its business is directly with the motive principle in human life, and not with thoughts, perceptions, memories; for these are passive, prompted by some motive force behind them.

Vibrations beget vibrations; a vibrating chord or column of air divides into vibrating portions of itself, whose tones a fine ear will detect, mysteriously, faintly blending, harmonizing with the parent tone as it dies out. Thus one tone generates a whole series of tones, and we have virtually all tones in one. The first begotten and the most distinctly audible are those two, which, on being reduced within the compass of one octave, form with the principal its third and fifth,—and then we have that never-fading miracle, the tri-chord, which is the soul and substance of all harmony. Hauptmann (quoting Goethe, "*Jedes natürliche ist ein frisch ausgesprochenes Wort Gottes*") says the tri-chord is "a word of God"; and who that heard the clear, fresh voices of ten thousand children in the "Coliseum," when they, after holding out a long, pure tone in unison, suddenly struck the blended tones of the tri-chord,—purity itself, like the white beam of "holy light" divided by the prism,—will not heartily agree with him? Three tri-chords, based respectively on the principal or keynote, its first "over-tone" or fifth, and the tone of which it is itself the fifth, give all the tones of the diatonic musical scale; in other words, the operative melodic scale is really a mingling of three harmonic scales or series of tones generated by the first vibration; and this trine origin, this "trinity" of the scale, carries in it the germ of all the possibilities of harmony, indeed, the whole beautiful secret of all musical development. Rhythm, too, lay coiled hidden in these same vibrations of the primal tone, and knew by instinct how to regulate the time career, the onflow of the tune, the composition as a whole, by measured intermittent stress or accent, so that it all should run in waves as uniform as the "tone-waves" of the air which waft the message of each single tone upon the ear. Given the diatonic scale, which tempts continually to modulation, change, excursion among tones; given beforehand, with it, that earlier, original, harmonic scale of tones first generated by the vibrations of a ground-tone ("over-tones") to hold this free propensity still back to unity, as well as furnish samples of most pleasing and harmonic intervals (thirds, sixths, etc.); add to these rhythm, and lo! Melody is born. And harmony is not far off: for can the stream forget its source? Here too, "the child is father of the man." And now is music fully armed, to leap forth like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Now out of the harmonious strife of melody and harmony we presently shall see spring up all sorts of kaleidoscopic hints of imitation (themes, motives, bits of motives, echoed or reflected from one part to another of the harmony): sharp-flavored passing discords, piquing expectation, pressing to solu-

tion; all the arts of polyphonic interweaving of the parts, each part pursuing its own independent, individual, melodic way, yet all enforcing, celebrating the one common theme, co-operating to one end; in short, the whole development—as beautiful and wonderful as growth of plant or crystal—of counterpoint and fugue and all the inner structural and outer architectural varieties of form which music has from time to time assumed, and some of which she cherishes forever; till, donning finally her rainbow robe of many colors, she thrones herself upon the orchestra and shines forth in her crowning glory in the consummate form of forms, the Symphony.

Thus logically, as tree from germ, out of the first tone ("word of God") that ever rang, may we deduce the art of music in its infinite varieties, all singing, pleading for and prophesying UNITY, as the grand hope of human mind and heart, the highest word of science and religion. Here is no room, of course, for the history, any more than for the theory of music. Yet this exceedingly brief hint of its origin, at least, was quite essential to our argument. Such origin and such development who can fairly contemplate, and for a moment longer doubt the intellectuality of music?

As there is nothing arbitrary in music of itself, in music as a science, so too there is nothing arbitrary, or merely accidental, in its true forms of art. And here, before concluding, we would dwell a moment upon two of the more important forms, which are too commonly imagined to be arbitrary experiments, inventions of one man, iudolently aped by others, fashions of too long a day, doomed to be swept away with other traditional rubbish of the past; but which we believe to have grown out of the very nature of things,—types moulded into shape by a necessity intrinsic and enduring.

The first is the FUGUE FORM. The fugue is the vital principle of musical form; it is the prime secret of all form, the very soul of it. Whatever music does not more or less imply the fugue, is likely to be poor and shallow music. For fugue is but the logical development of what is latent in a germ or theme. It is in music what the spiral law of growth is in the plant. It has its prototypes in nature: in the surf billows rolling up the beach; in the waves that run along a field of grain before the wind; in the widening vortex of the whirlpool and the waterspout; in the tongues of flame losing themselves and reappearing as the fire soars and seeks the sky. It has its correspondences in other arts; in nothing, perhaps, so strikingly as in those wonderful creations of religious architecture, which are the furthest removed from mere mechanics and geometry, which speak so to the soul and the imagination, and almost seem alive and growing, as it were yearning, reaching, soaring upwards while we look at them,—the old Gothic churches. There we see the fugue in solid form; that is what Madame De Staël meant when she called architecture "frozen music"; there we find the same precision of minute detail, the same endless echoing and imitation of motives and parts of motives, phrases, with quaint particulars; a thousand pointed arches, clustered columns, cunning tracery, and, peeping out of unexpected corners, exquisite or grotesque shapes of plants, of men, of animals, and monsters, as if to include all the images that ever filled the waking thoughts or dreams of man in history,—all aspiring, growing to a climax, yet to the mind still hinting further growth, still seeming in the process of becoming, never absolutely done; utmost finish in detail mechanically, actually, but ideally suggesting still the Infinite, the unattainable in time. This suggestion of the Infinite is what we would call the expression of the fugue. (Only, to be expressive, it must be a fugue of genius.)

Yes, in music, the fugue is the perfect type of unity in variety. It is nature's own law; the true instinct of genius felt it out, obeyed it unconsciously by the inmost necessity of art and of its own soul. True to nature, genius could not do otherwise; it was simply letting germs, seed-thoughts (*motives* technically) grow. To be bound always strictly to the fugue form is pedantry;

but not to know it, not to feel it, not to imply it even in free composition, is to forsake the real fount of inspiration. All the great composers, the real creators whose works live forever,—Beethoven, for instance, who did not very often write fugues *as such*,—working by a true instinct with nature and the divine laws of essential form, or unity, still imply the fugue in whatever form they write; they have its secret in them, its law is in their hearts, the soul of all their method; indeed, so familiar are they with it, that they need not literally present it. It lay at the basis of their culture. No one is fairly master of the free forms, until he is master of the fugue. That is, wherever there is harmony, wherever there is more than one *part*, true art dictates that the parts move individually, that there be some contrapuntal texture. Where Counterpoint sits down to work, Fugue looks over its shoulders.

And now we see why one never exhausts the interest of a good fugue. There have been plenty of mechanical, dry fugues, results of plodding calculation, ingenious, learned, but without much expression. But there are also live ones; a live one never gets hackneyed, never dogs and persecutes the mind like tunes in fashion, which the street-organs keep forever murdering, but will not bury. Mere melody has in it a principle of decay; it stales by repetition; and therefore the music that proclaims the Infinite, the great religious music from of old, has worn the undecaying form of fugue and counterpoint. For fugue *treats* its theme, develops, "works" it up in such a noble way that it becomes a perpetual renovation and new illustration of itself, and so invests it with perennial youth and freshness: it can no more bore you now than can the themes, the motives multiplied, repeated, echoed, imitated, or contrasted throughout the whole upward floating, spirit-like, scarcely material mass of a Strasbourg or Cologne cathedral. All its possibilities of repetition are provided for, anticipated in this structural development, this contrapuntal transfiguration, lifting it into a purer atmosphere beyond reach of the curse of commonplace, so that it cannot spoil. Right healthy music are the fugues of Bach, and hearty too; no sickly sentimentality there; no poor ambition for effect; but sincere expression always of deep, genuine religious feeling. To him the fugue form had become a native, pliant and obedient language, in which he could express himself most readily; and between one fugue and another of his there is a wide range of expression, from airy, fairy fancy to deepest tenderness, to holy meditation, to noonday brightness of sublimest joy. Expression you will find too, as well as learning, in many more of the old fuguists. A century before Bach, the fugues of Frescobaldi, chapel-master at St. Peter's, in Rome, breathe a delicate and tender sentiment. So do some by Bach's pupil, Kirnberger. Handel, too, was grand in fugue, but far less various than Bach. Nor was his nature quite at home in so interior and mystical an element. Mozart, consummate master in all music, could not write without expression. A deep, musing sort of feeling goes with subtle art in the fugues of the older Sralatti. Then there were the sons of Bach; nor even in such types of learned and severe musicianship as Albrechtsberger and the Padre Martini is the fugue always dry and unsuggestive.

The fugue form pertains more to internal and organic structure in one homogeneous musical piece or movement. Our other example of form shall be one of what we may term architectural *massing* of several movements in a great symmetrical musical whole. Look at the SYMPHONY, or what is technically called the SONATA form, common to sonatas, symphonies, trios, stringed quartets, classical concertos, etc.

This form, too, we say, is not mere accident or imitation of one man's success beyond its reasonable term of life. The reason of it is to be sought in the nature of the human soul and in the corresponding nature of music.

How is it with us when a matter interests us and excites us to that pitch of feeling in which music steps in as the natural language? Our whole nature is engaged in it. The head, or thinking principle; the heart, or feeling, loving

principle; the will, or active principle; and more or less (amid these earnest powers) the lively, recreative play of fancy,—all take part in it, all in turn are principally addressed by it. Reason, passion, frolic humor, will: these seek each its type and representative in the forms of an art so perfectly human and so pliant to the motions of the human soul as music. If a matter taxes our reasoning, truth-seeking faculties for one spell, it is a law of our nature that we then quit thinking and only *feel* about it for another spell. We modulate out of the dialectic into the religious and accepting mood. It was an argument, an emulous labor of the brain; it has become a lyric of the heart, a prayer, a hymn, a softly rising incense and aroma of the faith and love and longing in us. And then, the more we have been in earnest, the more naturally comes the reaction of frolic fantasy and humor, the more lively the suggestions and "heat-lightnings" of a quick, surcharged, midsummer fancy,—the *scherzo* humors that so often flash from characters of deepest pathos. But the circle of moods is not yet complete. Thought, feeling, fancy, are but phases of the living stream that yet must ultimate itself in action, must rush into deed, and so pour its life into the great ocean whence all proceed and to which all tend. That is the *finale*. Now for the musical correspondence.

The first, or Allegro movement of a symphony, takes up a theme, or themes, and proceeds to their discussion and elaboration. It begins with a principle *theme* or subject; presently, with the natural modulation into the dominant or relative key, comes in a *counter theme*; these two are developed and contrasted a little way, when the whole passage is literally repeated to fix them firmly in the mind. Then begins a sort of analytic canvassing of all that they contain; fragments, phrases of the one are blended with or offset against the other; the two propositions (often waking up a number of accessory subjects by the way) are subjected to a sort of exhaustive musical logic, till what is in them is brought fully out and verified. By a sort of refining, differentiating, intellectual argumentation these themes are held up in various lights, are developed singly and in contrast, and are worked through various keys, abridgments, augmentations, episodes, digressions, into a most various and complex whole, in which the same original threads or themes continually reappear, yet with perpetual sense of novelty. The intellectual principle delights in analysis, in the detection of differences and distinctions. So the symphonic Allegro betrays a tendency to continual divergence and escape from the first starting-point. Here is an art type of *discussion*, whose whole aim and tendency is unity and truth. What a type of catholicity in thought! Discussion, no denial; music is incapable of that; Mephistopheles in music must make sad work, or forget his nature.

Then comes the *Adagio*, *Larghetto*, *Andante*,—some slow movement, which has more of calm, still feeling and unquestioning religion in it. This is the central sanctuary in this musical abridgment of man's life, which every good symphony appears to be. This the heart; that the head.

The serious *Andante* passes,—sometimes directly, sometimes through the frolic *Scherzo*, or the *minuet* and *trio*,—into the *rondo finale*, which is rapid and full of the spirit and preparation for action, full of resolve and fire. The sentiment which has passed through the crucible of the judgment in the *Allegro*, and sought its divine repose at the religious altar of feeling in the *Adagio*, having traversed its intellectual and its affective phases, now puts on its armor and moves on with alacrity for action. (Though, in many lighter symphonies, it is more like a school-boy pulling on his cap and rushing out of doors in pure animal spirits.) It seems to act itself out with buoyant confidence; sometimes with sublime triumph, as in the march concluding the C-Minor Symphony.

Such is the model or typical form of a symphony, or a sonata. We do not say, all symphonies must closely conform to it; no two things in nature are precisely alike, no two leaves upon a tree, no two human forms or faces; but every one,



with more or less divergence, illustrates its own proper type. And, be it remembered, we are citing only one of many admirable great forms of music,—greater and truer in that they are not arbitrary, but determined by intrinsic reason and necessity, and therefore enduring. Search into the secret, then, of musical form, and you will learn other secrets, learn much of yourself, of the divine organic method in the material and moral universe. Said we not rightly that music is as good a school for intellectual discipline as mathematics, logic, or philosophy?

But the superior potency of these studies in musical form appears in this; that they are æsthetic as well as abstract; they are imaginative and free in absolute obedience to law; they seek beauty as an end, and pour forth glowing feeling from the heart, while they so finely illustrate the method of the universe, the principle of one in all. And so (even without the theoretic study as such), by mere familiar intimacy with such forms, such music in the concrete, by frequent listening to the beautiful sonatas, overtures, and symphonies, till we become possessed with them, informed with their own spirit, our instincts get attuned into a sympathy with universal law and unity. Here is an intellectual culture, where intellect as it were rises into sentiment, and the two are henceforth one; where scientific, dry analysis blooms out and fructifies into poetic, loving synthesis. Indeed, may not this be, perhaps, the highest kind of intellectual culture; this cultivation not so much of reasoning or perceptive powers, as of the *harmonic mood* and temper; this disposing and attuning of the whole mind to law, to the perpetual embrace of truth in beauty?

At once emotional and intellectual in so pure a sense, music with good right has been called a universal language, and, above all, the native language (so to speak) of the religious sentiment. This aspect of the subject claims consideration, but not now.

### The Strasburg Organs.

(From the London Orchestra.)

The far-famed organ in the Strasburg Cathedral—the masterwork of Andrew Silbermann—has suffered grievously from the recent bombardment of the venerated city. A shell made its way from the roof of the cathedral and delivered its contents in the very centre of this noble instrument. Had the Badeners or Bavarians simply blown the wind apparatus to pieces, or annihilated keys, draw stops, and pedal boards, no irreparable mischief would have ensued; but the destruction of the music of the instrument—the sweeping away of the heart and soul of its great originator, can only be likened to the burning of the Missal of the Abbess of Hohenberg—the incomparable Byzantine manuscript which has been lost by the conflagration of the Strasburg Library. The pipes of Andrew Silbermann can no more be renewed than can the earliest specimens of Faust, or the memorable Bibles of Eggestein and Mentelin—rarest among the rare—or the marvellous painted windows of the clerestory, the best and most esteemed examples of the art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Andrew Silbermann, the builder of the organ, and founder of a race of celebrated organ builders, was the son of a butcher in Frauenstein in Saxony. He was born in 1678, migrated to Strasburg in 1708, where he lived, and worked, and brought up a large family during the twenty-seven years of his pilgrimage there. He died in 1754, four years after the death of Sebastian Bach, and five years before that of Handel. There are other organs in Strasburg of his work, one of the most perfect being that in the Protestant Church of St. Thomas, commenced by Andrew and continued by his son John Andrew, and perfected by his grandson.

On Sunday, the 9th instant, the Prussians, who appear to be a truly church-going soldiery, held their first service in this church, and on this occasion the organ was called into requisition. The service opened with the well-known soldier's hymn: "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*," and the roll of this superb instrument combined with the general congregational singing, was one of those things that live in the memory and are treasured up, as sunny landscapes in the field of past days. The lesson learnt is not so much the musical result, as it is the real Christianity of choral song, when rightly applied to the purposes of worship. It was not a case of ear-tickling, of organ jingle, or racing through a nursery ballad; nothing like what we hear in this country, the light, conven-

tional, outward, and sensual, but a massive, clearly-cut-out hymn tune, devoid of all pomp and ceremony, and the very thing to make the heart gracious and the voice strong and melodious. And as it was with the tune, so it was with the accompanying instrument. In these days an organ is considered of small value unless it possess its *Voix celeste* and *voix humaine*, its *flute douce* and *flute harmonique*, *octavante* and *piccolo*, its *cor anglais*, *Æolophon*, *muzette*, and *lieblich gedact*; Old Silbermann, whether manufacturing for Catholics, Lutherans, or Calvinists, relied upon his diapasons, reed and chorus stops, and left the *jeu celeste*, *cor de basset*, and *cromorne* to the wit and ingenuity of his contemporaries and successors.

It is the fashion now to describe the Silbermann, the Gahler, and the Müller instruments as mediæval—efforts of dark, ignorant, fanatical, if not anti-Christian times; and the organ of modern days is thought to be one of the acoustical miracles of this most scientific of ages. But let us look at the outward presentation of the cathedral organ of Strasburg as it was,—an exquisite pendant, midway between roof and floor on the left side of the nave, with its choir organ in front, its beautiful wings, and magnificent corona as its highest top. Compare this effect with the work of modern times in the Royal Church of St. Denis, Paris, or anything of the best we may have in England. Turn from the Strasburg Cathedral organ to the marvellous rose window, the windows in the upper galleries, the circle of the astounding pillars supporting the towers and the nave—is it possible that such beauty of art should be on all sides, and yet no art and no beauty in the interior of this gigantic, yet delicate looking creature of sound? The list of stops gives little or no indication of power or variety; there are no more pipes than are to be found in ordinary organs of the size, no more keys, no more surface of sound. And yet the instrument breathes the very essence of harmony—the very loveliness of sweet song—a succession of solemn and affecting tones that at once reaches the heart, and subdues the worldly and unsanctified affection. The organ seems to be a creature of life—to be listened to with a reverential sense for its greatness and majesty, and yet also for its yearning tenderness for humanity and its necessities. The grand artist has left his heart in that rare specimen of his head and hand before us; he is yet alive there with all his wants, wishes, hopes and fears. We fancy we can see him, with frame strong as a lion, and features gentle as a lamb, looking down upon us, glad that we have the feeling to sympathize with the results of his toil, and to appreciate this legacy of his goodness. And the secret of his power is that he never thought of us, but that he worked like a true artist—and from the right stand point—making his labor a real, spiritual, and heart-felt worship. To class the art work of the period of Louis XV. as mediæval is in itself absurd and ridiculous. The grand organ of this period culminated to perfection because it was wanted by the people, eager in their desire for congregational music; and solicitous, that with regard to the choral, it should be the best of its kind, and accompanied with as much of science as it was possible for organ builder or player to bring to bear upon it. And the fitness, beauty, and grandeur of the instrument are the results of this submission and obedience to the want—a want arising from the congregational desire to offer up a due and rightful act of adoration. Now-a-days we make organs to accompany weak and childish hymn tunes, devoid of all solemn feeling, and incapable of any grand harmonical clothing. All the emotions raised by music of this kind belong to the lower and merely instinctive faculties—creating a self-gratifying exercise—a serving of our own perverse and miserable tastes—a compound of littleness and vanity. Art of this sort is the very Lazarus of art, decking itself out in the purple and glitter of Dives. It seeks only to oblige its employer with his conventional notions or favorite ideas, and takes every pecuniary advantage of its position. The church, the parson, and the flock get so much wood and metal encased in some wretched harlequinade of wrong colors and wretched outline, and the organ builder vaunts of the superiority of his work in comparison with the imagined blind attempts of the real artist of the last century.

The secrets of success in the art of organ building, it would seem, have been quite lost sight of. The rare power of making grandeur of tone out of the smallest number of pipes, consistent with the intention, is now but little considered; the space necessary for such an instrument is made altogether an arbitrary affair; the height of the organ from the ground, its situation in regard to the building, the height of its roof, and the plane or base of its acoustical generation, are all subjects gone clean out of mind. The old organ builders made models of their organs—little organs in wood—and placed them on elevations, so that they could themselves judge of the effect of

their work, and give their patrons something genuine and real, to criticize and estimate. In these days we get a pretty picture of an organ elevation on paper, and a long catalogue of stops, which means whatever the builder is able to do and no more. The specifications may abound with diapasons, and yet no true diapason be found in the instrument. The list of stops is a mere airy nothing, or the soft stops may be loud, and the loud soft. Organ phraseology is ever novel and romantic, ductile and picturesque. In seductiveness and supposed generosity it possesses a literature of its own. It distances all ingenuities in other trades, and defies imitation. It was not in this spirit that Godfrey built the organ for the Dresden Church, which he lived not to complete, but which was afterwards made so perfect by John Andrew. These men were not given to harlequinade or pirouetting, and would have held in supreme contempt most of the superfetations of the present epoch. In a sense as canvas, paints, and brushes make a picture, so wind, metal, and wood make an organ, and wood, catgut, and wire a violin. But wood, catgut, and wire is one thing, and the same passed through the alembic of a Stradaivarius a heaven sent thing, and no canvas, paints, or brushes can ever give us the burnt-up Venus by the angelic hand of a Titian. No work of art is of any high value unless it bears the impress of the artist's spirit. No music is worth a farthing unless marked by the individuality of the composer. No musical instrument is of any high estimation unless certain of conveying the speciality of its maker. The Erard pianoforte is one glory, the Broadwood another, the Collard another, and all are distinguished by their own peculiar and inimitable qualities. It is more especially so with the organ; for the wisdom, the far-sightedness, the quickness of apprehension, the pliancy and adaptability of the genius of the builder, have infinitely more scope, and field than the piano-manufacturer. No two organs are alike; and yet in one respect all work by the same hand is cognate and parallel, and perfectly distinct from the work of any other master spirit.

In these days our new organs are marked, not so much by what is in them, as by what is out of them, and which should be in them. We know a new organ to have been sent out of Brown's manufactory, because Brown always makes horny and coarse diapasons. We fix upon White as the builder of the next specimen, because White revels in squalling sesquialteras, mixtures, furnitures, and so forth; Black has a passion for washing tubs, which he calls pedal pipes; and Yellow is noted for his terrific trumpets and clarions; Red is approved of for his curious and neat mechanism; but then Red has a poor notion of scales, and it is all haphazard with him when voicing a pipe. Shadow is afraid of a bright ensemble, so he kills off his scales, attenuates his combination stops, diminishes his soprano power, and in this way deprives his instrument of all strength and majesty. An organ cannot possess any beauty or weight of tone unless its scales be correct and all possible tone has been extracted from its pipes in a just and artistic way. Great tone such as was that of Grisi, Lablache, Staudigl, and other great vocalists of past days, was thoroughly legitimate; the all the artist could conscientiously do artistically and well. So it ought to be with every pipe amongst the four thousand of any large organ. And to represent this, every pipe must breathe the art and spirit of its maker, just as the violin tells us of the heart of a Stradaivarius. And such were and are the organs of Alsace and those at Dresden; proclaiming in their clear, mellow, deep and bright tones the spirits of their creators, the family of the Silbermanns. We have in England those who are able to make their instruments by their spiritualistic power, and one especially who, by weight, breadth and solemn characteristics, always places an unmistakable brand upon his labor. Would we had more of his great and good points, and we would willingly put up with his comparative failings. The burning and destruction of so great a work of art as the Cathedral organ in Strasburg will test the power and merits of our Continental builders. To restore it may be impossible; to put new work of modern spirit alongside it would be a hazardous undertaking. To take the whole away and erect a complete new instrument would be a sorrowful mode of marking this great calamity. Germany has destroyed it, and Germany must make good in some way or other the mischief it has done. There are good organ builders in that country, but no Silbermann. What a pity it is that John Chinaman is no organ builder. He is the true fellow to make a perfect patch, if all he can see be the all necessary to do.

Liszt's strange and mystical Oratorio "Saint Elizabeth" (*Die heilige Elisabeth*), which so puzzled and enraged the London musicians a short time ago, was performed last Sunday evening by the Liederkrantz.

## A Musical Tour in North Germany.

BY DR. WILLIAM SPARK.—No. 5.\*

(From the London Choir.)

It should have been stated in my last letter that before I left Leipzig I visited two very interesting establishments connected with the production and publication of musical compositions, viz., the engraving rooms of C. G. Röder, and the warehouse of the great publishing firm, Breitkopf & Härtel. As I have already intimated, there are several enormous music publishing houses in Leipzig, those of Peters, and Breitkopf & Härtel, being perhaps the largest. The latter I inspected, and was greatly impressed with that distinguishing mark of nearly all German work—political, artistic and social—an apparently perfect organization, which was evident here in a pre-eminent degree. Ascending the broad staircase of an immense building, which led also to other places of business, I came to the first floor of Breitkopf & Härtel's. The length of the first room seemed to be about one hundred feet, and it was divided and sub-divided into many different departments. Being an Englishman, upon stating the object of my visit, I was at once shown to the particular place where the information I needed could be best obtained; I noticed, too, that the German professors and others, who came on business whilst I was there, were, without the loss of a moment, promptly directed in like manner. For the purpose of observing how far their plans of arrangement of the enormous amount of works they publish were carried, I asked for different works by the great masters, and was instantly shown what I had desired to see. Pianoforte music was classed in one group of numerous shelves, divided and sub-divided; vocal music, organ, orchestral, etc., in others; every species of composition in their large catalogue was found and produced without the least delay. In another room were their excellent grand pianofortes, instruments of considerable power and sweetness, to be purchased at a much lower price than equally good ones in our country, though decidedly not superior, if equal, to the best specimens of Broadwood's and Collard's. I cannot say that on the whole this publishing firm showed a great and marked superiority over the largest English firms, but at the same time I think their system and wonderful management are thoroughly worthy of observation and record by those who feel interested in the matter.

With respect to engraving, the case is different, and I could not help seeing this during my visit to Herr Röder's establishment. Here, I think, the Germans are superior to the English, not only in the extent and completeness of the place itself, but also in the excellence and character of the work produced. Nearly all the important classical works, reprints of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., have been engraved by Herr Röder. Every task connected with the engraving of music is effected in this building. Beginning on the ground floor, there are the stones roughly hewn, brought from the mountains, and wrought into the necessary shape and smoothness, for the purposes of lithography, by huge grindstones. On the next floor was an accumulation of tin and pewter for plates, which are prepared in another room to a certain thickness and consistency; they are then passed on to the next stage, where a numerous force of men and lads were engaged in punching, with neat and handy tools, the notes from the MSS. which stood before them. There were many of these rooms where the artisans were busily engraving all sorts of music. I was much interested and somewhat amused to be led up to a workman who was at that moment busily at work upon the latest number of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal*, the copy for which I had, as its editor, despatched from England shortly before my departure. All those who have seen this, and other works, engraved by Herr Röder, will at once acknowledge the beauty and accuracy of the work; the notes are sharper and clearer than those to which we have hitherto been accustomed in England, whilst the paper and printing ink are quite worthy of such good workmanship. Proceeding still further I came to the lithographic room, where thirty or forty men, women, and boys, were engaged in transferring the music to the stones; these stones being taken to a higher room, containing numerous printing presses, all of them being in full work.

In another part of the building were many hundreds of these heavy stones, placed in different niches with titles of various musical publications, which from their more elaborate and valuable character, are preserved, whilst the stones with impressions of music are rubbed and cleaned to receive fresh impressions. Amongst the numerous specimens of more beautiful and special engraving shown to me by Herr

Röder, was a new Royal quarto edition of Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, vocal score and pianoforte accompaniment. It was printed on toned paper with a large margin, and a superb title page, and a more exquisite piece of workmanship of its class I have never seen.

The journey from Leipzig and Dresden was performed, according to my custom in a part of the country possessing but few beauties of nature, by the evening mail. I have nothing to record of it excepting that I found, as usual, some at least of my fellow travellers were interested in the practice and progress of the musical art, and were able to add to my information many things of interest and use. On my arrival at Dresden on Friday at midnight, I soon found myself located at the magnificent Hotel de Saxe, which contains a splendid *salle a manger* capable of dining five hundred persons, where, in the winter season, numerous and special concerts are given. Early on Saturday morning I despatched a messenger to Herr Gustav Heintz, the well-known music publisher, with an introductory letter, and received a reply declaring his intention to visit me at noon. In accordance with the practical habits of the Germans, Herr Heintz acquainted himself with the chief objects of my visit, and at once made every arrangement to gratify my wishes to the utmost extent, and through his courtesy and kindness not much time elapsed before I had made the personal acquaintance of most of the leading organists and composers of Dresden. During the day, in his company, I visited most of the public buildings, and traversed the principal streets of this lovely city. Dresden is in every respect a charming place of residence, but especially for music loving people. Possessing numerous well-appointed theatres, concerts, *cafés chantants*, on both banks of the Elbe, in all of which music of a high class, well performed, is to be heard at very low prices of admission, there seems to be nothing omitted which could afford pleasure and delight to the musician, amateur, and visitor.

Finding that Weber's opera, or rather drama, *Freischütz*, was to be given in the evening at the "Zweites Theater," I proceeded there, and found the prices of admission to range from fifteen pence to threepence. Taking a reserved stall I witnessed an excellent representation of this celebrated work with no little satisfaction. The orchestra was not large, being chiefly composed of young artists, who, I was informed, played more to obtain experience than with a view to pecuniary profit. The heroine was played by a popular actress, Fräulein Hartmann. As a whole the opera was well performed; but the singing, both solo and choral, was not particularly good. There, as in every similar place in Germany, I noticed the remarkable attention of the audience to every detail of the performance. Between each of the acts one of those polite and handy German waiters, always found in such places, offered refreshment in the shape of a *seidel* of beer, a small bottle of *Rheinwein*, German sausages, and Westphalia ham sandwiches. I was surprised and amused to see that several of the fairer sex in the pit hesitated not to associate with other female companions in a *seidel* of beer, and evidently with infinite gratification, accompanying the same with loud and earnest criticism on the part of the performance just concluded; but the moment the curtain was drawn, and the play resumed, the utmost silence and decorum prevailed. At the conclusion of the opera, I found my way to a much frequented *café*, at the back of which, in the large and brilliantly illuminated gardens, I met, by appointment, Herr Meinardus, the composer, whose oratorios—*St. Peter*, and *Gideon*—and other works, are well known in the chief towns of Saxony and Hungary. Here it was that I heard the first war-note sounded: from an excited conversation amongst my friends, in which the names Napoleon and Hohenzollern were frequently uttered with considerable force and accent, I discovered the dispute, which, as is now well-known, led to the present lamentable war. As if not a moment should be lost I was awake at 3 a.m. on the following day, Sunday, by the roll of drums and mustering of troops in the square in front of the hotel. A more exciting scene of its kind I had never witnessed. In the deliciously cool, clear atmosphere of that early morning in July, the square was filled with soldiers, and during the preparations for marching, the magnificent band played two or three fine marches in a most effective and charming manner. I retired again to rest with the sounds of military music dying away as the soldiers filed off, and indulged in my dreams of no end of martial music.

At eight o'clock, before I had finished my toilet, I was astonished to receive a visit from my friend, Herr Gustav Merkel, whose organ compositions and performances are justly celebrated wherever they are known. He had called early, he said, in order to make me acquainted with the services at the Hof-

kirche, where he presides as court organist. I repaired at the appointed time to the church, which, unequal, however, to most of our cathedrals, has a noble exterior and a very fine tower. It stands in a prominent and beautiful position near the bridge which crosses the Elbe. Here high Mass is celebrated every Sunday at eleven o'clock, and other services, such as are usual at Roman Catholic churches, follow during the day.

The service on this occasion was most imposing, the large orchestra in the great West Gallery being occupied by about sixty performers (band and chorus), and the large organ, one of Silbermann's best instruments, of which I intend to give a description in my next letter. Crowds of people were pressing on, and it was with some difficulty that I gained an entrance, and obtained access to Herr Merkel's organ pew. The music consisted of a Mass in F minor, by the conductor, Herr Carl Krebs; an Offertorium, by Rastrelli; and a Graduale, by Reissiger. With such a force of practical musicians, need I say that the music was given with thrilling power and effect? and I have no doubt that those who were below, in the body of the church, heard the inspiring strains to much greater advantage than I who was seated amongst the performers. At the conclusion of High Mass nearly all the immense congregation, as well as the members of the orchestra, departed, and there followed a short service, the musical part of which was sustained by about a dozen singing boys and singing men, with organ accompaniment only. I had now an opportunity of listening to the organ, and was struck with its rich, full tone. As, however, Herr Merkel's playing was limited to the requirements of the service, he made an appointment with me for the following Tuesday at ten o'clock in order that we might hear the instrument alone and undisturbed. Meanwhile the organist, with Herr Meinardus and myself, adjourned to one of the beautiful *cafés* on the banks of the Elbe, only a very short distance from the church. The prospect was one of great beauty and interest. Thousands of people were passing to and fro on the picturesque bridge; steamboats and every variety of craft plied up and down the broad river, whilst the patronizers of the *cafés* along its banks seemed thoroughly happy in the enjoyment of their refreshment and the scene. The heat was intense, and suddenly, with scarcely any intimation of the change, there broke upon us a fearful thunderstorm. Commencing with huge drops of rain, whose violence increased with extraordinary rapidity, it created for a time the greatest disorder, which, had it not been rather troublesome, would have been very amusing, for all seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to snatch up their plates with their contents, wine, beer, etc., and rush, pell-mell, into the interior of the building, rolling out a running accompaniment of national gutturals. For two hours the rain descended in torrents and the atmosphere became thick and darkened. But notwithstanding this *contratempo* we had a most interesting conversation about music and organs; Herr Merkel being especially interested in the description I had with me, and explained to him, of the immense instrument in the Leeds Town Hall. It was there, as with all other organists I met during my tour: they knew nothing of English organs, English organists, or their compositions. I could not help expressing a hope that this exclusiveness should be rectified by visits to England; for clever as the organists of Germany at present are, they seem to be perfectly unacquainted with any but those of their own country.

In the afternoon I went to the beautiful little English church, erected chiefly by the liberality of Mrs. Göschen; there, on entering by a side door close to the organ, I heard the familiar strains of the hymn tune, "Melcombe." The young organist, Mr. David Beardwell, was extremely courteous, and most kindly offered to place his services at my disposal during my stay in Dresden.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENZY OF PRAISE. We take the following from the New York Sun, of Sept. 19.

An American girl, born near Plattsburgh in this State, and for several years the soprano at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church at Albany, has created quite an excitement as a prima donna in Italy. She is of French descent, and her name is LA JEUNESSE, but in Italy she has assumed the name of ALBANI.

Our newspapers are sometimes rather lavish of their praise, and fail to temper their enthusiasm with the slightest particle of common sense; but for wholesale adulation and unlimited gush, commend us to the Italians. To judge from their own accounts, they have discovered in our young countrywoman such a

\* No. 4 has not yet come to hand.



singer as has not lived since St. CECILIA's time. One critic, a Signor BERTOLANA, said to be a writer of much repute, has an article in a late number of a Sicilian paper which fairly out Herod's Herod. It is the perfect phrenzy of praise. For such as may have a curiosity to know what America can do in the way of a singer, and Italy in the way of a worshipper, we reproduce a small portion of this sublimated puff. "The voice of ALBANI," says this enthusiast, "is one in which is felt the vibration of the seven chords of the eternal lyre." As we have never yet had the pleasure of hearing the eternal lyre, we are not in a condition to dispute Signor BERTOLANA's assertion; and as for the seven chords, they are not referred to in any thorough bass treatise with which we are familiar. "In short," continues the critic, "she is such an artist as inspires respect mingled with affection, and enthusiasm subdued by reverence. She is a morning-star—all light, all love. I renounce the idea of describing the benefit of last evening, the prodigies of ALBANI's throat in the 'Carnival of Venice,' the acclamations, the flowers, the crowns, the poetry, the gifts. The festival was worthy of the goddess of the occasion." The enthusiast also calls her "a ray of heaven," and expresses a doubt of "this eternal creature finding a heart worthy of her love out of the celestial spheres whence she descends." The audience and the populace in general seem to have shared the sentiments of the critic. We are informed that after singing the "Carnival of Venice," she "was recalled twelve times, and after the tenth recall nearly fainted from the wildness of the enthusiasm. She retired, and, after taking stimulants—nectar or ambrosia of course—returned to the stage, when all the audience rose, waving their handkerchiefs, and shouting 'Viva la prima donna Americana!'" When she went to take her carriage, behold, she found in its place a magnificent equipage with four horses, "the gift of noble admirers." "Bands of music and crowds of people preceded the carriage to her home, the crowds only dispersing after her appearance on the balcony." On the following day she left Sicily, waited upon by barons, counts, chevaliers, and their ladies. "She bade adieu to the crowd amid the loudest and most prolonged applause, which still continued when she was far on her journey."

Possibly they are still standing there bursting their throats with vivas. We should have thought that nothing less than an earthquake or the eruption of Mount Etna could possibly have so excited the Sicilians. We very much fear that when she returns Miss LA JEUENESSE will find her own countrymen very cold blooded and unsympathetic after these fiery and demonstrative Italians.

### Music in New York.

THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY is always an event of much interest. The Society is one to which New Yorkers look with pride, and the inhabitants of other cities with envy. In numbers and in the quality of its work it stands confessedly at the head of all the orchestras of the New World, and takes rank not far behind the most famous of those of the old.

Yesterday afternoon it gave its first rehearsal of the winter season; the first, also, under its new President, Mr. George T. Strong, who replaces Dr. Doremus. The most notable change under the new presidency is in the matter of the distribution of seats. In old times this was conducted on the strictly democratic principle of first come first served, then Doremus inaugurated the sale of the boxes. Mr. Strong has permitted all the eligible seats in the house to be secured for the winter. The consequence of this plan will be that there will be less confusion than of old, for every one will know exactly where to find his place. The famous, genteel, well-dressed crowd that used to gather on cold winter Philharmonic nights about the doors an hour before they opened, and to rush in a polite scrimmage for the best seats, is a thing of the past. The extra \$3 secures one's seat for the winter both at rehearsals and concerts. As the same persons will occupy the same seats, it may fall to a man's lot to sit perchance all the season in close proximity to what Grandfather Smallweed used to call a "brimstone chattering," or perhaps with the same ugly bonnet in the immediate foreground, growing with each repetition more ugly. On the other hand, it is now possible for parties of friends to get together and enjoy that communion of feeling that music so specially invites. The pieces in rehearsal for the first concert are Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—one of the brightest and best of the immortal nine; Schubert's unfinished symphony: a musical torso as fine as the "Farnese Hercules;" and the "Tannhauser" overture, with its alternations of sublime and solemn thought, and a swelling violin harmonies, and piccolo cries, that are as much like the utterances of a young pig under an unexpectedly tight fence as it is in the power of music to make them. Mr. Mills lends his assistance at the next rehearsal.—Sun, Nov. 12.

GERMAN OPERA. Mozart's little Opera "*Der Schauspieldirector*" (The Theatre Manager) was performed last week, for the first time, probably, in this country. The *Weekly Review* says of it:

It was for a festive occasion in 1789, that Mozart set the music to the above-named farce. As so many pieces which the masters of the last century wrote, so was this a *pièce d'occasion*. The plot is very simple, chiefly illustrating the trouble of a theatrical manager, and the rivalry of two leading prima donnas. The score consisted of but five numbers—an overture, which rises above the general bouffe character of the music, two arias, a trio, and the finale. It is chiefly the trio, which is as sparkling, humorous, and characteristic as anything Mozart has written, and which might serve as a model to our modern composers of opera bouffe. The piece was soon laid aside, but some thirty years ago revived by the well-known artistic manager of the Royal Theatre in Berlin, Mr. Louis Schneider. He conceived the idea of altering the text, and chiefly to illustrate the relations between Mozart and Schikaneder, when the former wrote his "*Magie Flute*," and also to ridicule the jealousies of the two leading songstresses of that time, Mmes. Lange and Cavalleri. Thus the interest centres around these four illustrious persons; and, although many objections have been raised as to the propriety of making Mozart appear in a somewhat ludicrous light, it must nevertheless be admitted that Mr. Schneider has succeeded in making a very funny arrangement of the old piece. To the original four musical movements he added four songs—also composed by Mozart—and one of which—"The Ribbon Trio"—is a very curious and exciting composition—a perfect jewel of humorous music. It was the arrangement by Schneider, which the German opera company produced the other night, at the Stadttheater, in splendid style, by Mme. Lichtmay, and Messrs. Holz and Himmer, and for which every participant deserves the thanks of all who can appreciate opera bouffe in its best style.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."—In the same journal (of last Saturday) we read:

After a great many years Mr. George Bristow's opera has been reproduced at Niblo's, and if the present English opera company had no other claim to our consideration, than having revived this opera, it must be considered a powerful one by all who take an interest in the progress and culture of musical art in this country. Opera writing requires so many qualities, that it cannot but reflect credit, not only upon the author, but also the country to which he belongs. And, if it is done at all in a respectable, conscientious manner, with due consideration of the necessary artistic claims, it ought to be encouraged and honored by all possible means. That this is the case in the present instance, all know who have become familiar with the efforts of Mr. Bristow. Of the very few American composers who have attained a certain facility in handling the larger forms of compositions, especially in reference to writing for an orchestra, Mr. Bristow stands foremost. Every measure of his music shows the thorough musician, brought up in a good school. It is fluent, good, respectable music, a credit to the man who has composed it. But the question arises, whether it is good dramatic music, whether the salient points of the drama have been hit upon by the composer in such a manner as to produce, in the listener, a climax of interest. This, we are afraid, is not the case in the present instance. The fault lies not altogether with the composer, but with the text. In our opinion, *Rip Van Winkle* ought to have been made the centre of interest. Instead of this, we find that, during one whole—and very long—act, he does not appear at all, and we are bored with a very tedious love story. Besides, the text does not furnish sufficient scope for ensembles and finales. It gives us ballads, duos, etc., in abundance, but we all know that nothing is more tedious than a so-called ballad opera. Modern opera writing means a strong dramatic accentuation, much coloring, and strong contrasts. Where all this is wanting, even the greatest flow of melody will be of no avail. We are confident, that if Mr. Bristow would write his opera to-day he would show us by his music that he is of our opinion; and we hope and trust, that, encouraged by his present success, he will compose another opera. His country has a right to expect this from him.

The performance was as smooth as it can be with such an orchestra and such a conductor, as allied to the present company. Mr. Henry Drayton (*Rip*), and Mrs. Richings-Bernard were, as usual, excellent.

### Music in Philadelphia.

MISS ANNA JACKSON announces the continuance of her popular parlor concerts during the present season. In her circular she says: "It is with increased satisfaction in the continued progress of the String Quartet, composed of Messrs. C. Gulemann, Wm. Stoll, Jr., Theo. Boettger and R. Hennig, that I announce the eleventh season for the Parlor Concerts. As the object of the concert is, if possible, to render permanent this organization,

it must be distinctly understood that the main interest of the concerts centres in it; at the same time there will always be standard selections of piano works, with solos for violin and violoncello. Should the subscriptions admit of it, it will give me much pleasure to add some singing to the programmes. The string quartets to be performed will be selected from the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert. The piano concerted works from those of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Raff. The second concert will be devoted entirely to the works of Beethoven, in honor of the centennial anniversary of this great composer. The concerts will be given as heretofore at Natatorium Hall, on the evenings of Saturday, November 26th, Monday, December 19th, Saturday, January 14th, Saturday, February 11th, Saturday, March 11th, and Saturday, April 15th.

For the first concert the following programme has been prepared:

String Quartet. No. 8, F major.....	Mozart.
Saraband. { Violoncello.....	J. S. Bach.
Ballade. { .....Gottschalk.	
Mr. R. Hennig.	
Quartet. Piano, Violin, Viola and Violoncello, op. 47.	
Four movements.....	Schumann.
Song Without Words. { Piano.....	Mendelssohn.
Le Courrier.....	Theo. Ritter.
Mr. G. Gulemann.	
String Quartet. F major. Op. 18.....	Beethoven.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY. The prospectus of this Society announces that two concerts will be given during the present season: on the 7th of December the Beethoven Centennial, and upon some day in April next. The first concert will consist of performances of the following of Beethoven's works:

Hallelujah Chorus, from the "*Mount of Olives*,"  
Quartet from "*Fidelio*."  
Devotional Song, "*The Heavens are Telling*,"  
with orchestral accompaniment.  
Trio, *Tremate, Empj, Tremate*.  
Choral Fantasia.  
Violin Concerto.

Andante and Finale in C-minor symphony.  
Overture to "*Egmont*."

The Society was organized and trained and will be conducted by Carl Wolfsohn. It has a splendid chorus, well represented in all the parts, and at its concerts it will have an orchestra of fifty first-rate instrumental musicians. The second concert, in April, will include selections from Schumann, Rossini, and others, together with Mendelssohn's 96th Psalm. These concerts will be private.—*Eve. Bulletin*.

CARL WOLFSON'S first Matinée, on Friday of last week, presented the following matter:

Trio, B flat major, op. 37, new.....	Bargiel.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Stoll and Hennig	
Aria, " <i>Maria Rudens</i> ".....	Donizetti.
Mrs. Sauvan.	
Nocturne, B flat major.....	Chopin.
Allegro Impromptu, G flat major.....	"
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Evening Song.....	Wolfsohn.
Farwell Song.....	"
Mr. Wm. Stoll.	
Morte, [by particular request].....	Gottschalk.
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Ave Maria.....	Luzzi.
Mrs. Sauvan.	
Marche Militaire.....	Tausig.
Carl Wolfsohn.	

## Bright's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1870.

### First Symphony Concert.—Sixth Season.

Of the many musical events of these last weeks this properly deserves first mention, as being the opening of our chief series of standard concerts, representing our own best and constantly renewed effort to build up for ourselves something permanent and worthy in the purest sense of Art,—something independent of the fashions and excitements of the moment, and which we can rely upon from year to year for opportunities of hearing what is intrinsically best in music. The interest, the enthusiasm which shall support and cherish such an effort is of a more quiet, deep, enduring nature, than that excited by the arrival of a new celebrity, and by the dazzling announcements of speculating impresarii. It behoves us to cherish and to guard with jealous love the nascent institution, amid so many transient, distracting invitations, if we would find and keep any sure foothold anywhere in our artistic culture.

But there seems to be little cause for fear. The sixth season of ten Symphony Concerts, so successfully begun and carried on under the auspices of the Harvard Musical Association, opened on Thursday Afternoon, Nov. 3, with a list of season subscribers almost as large as that of last year, when it exceeded 1,600,—and this notwithstanding the increased price, the pre-occupation of the musical interest during the whole preceding fortnight by the Thomas Concerts, as well as the excitement about the coming of Christine Nilsson, whose Boston debut was announced for the very next night. Moreover, a sudden thunder storm, with heavy rain, in just the hour before the concert, doubtless deterred from coming many suburban music-lovers who had set their hearts upon it. As it was, the audience was very large and (there is no need of saying it) of the best kind. It was peculiarly a Beethoven concert, in accordance with the plan, already described, of dedicating the whole series in some sense, directly or indirectly, to the memory of Beethoven in this season of his Centennial Birthday. The opening programme was selected with this view, as follows:

Inaugural Overture ("Weilhe des Hauses"), in C. Op. 124. BEETHOVEN.

\*Sacred Songs, to words by Gellert, Op. 48. BEETHOVEN.

"The Heavens proclaim the glory of God." BEETHOVEN.

Song of Penitence and of Trust. BEETHOVEN.

M. W. Whitney. BEETHOVEN.

Piano-Forte Concerto, in G, Op. 58. BEETHOVEN.

Allegro.—Andante.—Rondo. BEETHOVEN.

Hugo Leochard.

\*Prelude to the Third Act of "Medea,".....CHERUBINI.

\*\*Bass Aria: "Give me back my dearest Master," from BEETHOVEN.

the St. Matthew Passion Music, (the orchestral accompaniment completed by Robert Franz).....BACH.

M. W. Whitney.

(The Violin Solo by B. Listemann.)

Fifth Symphony, in C minor, Op. 67.....BEETHOVEN.

Allegro.—Andante.—Scherzo and Finale (Triumphal March.)

Some of the critics have qualified their great praise of the concert, both as to matter and to execution, by a regret that the programme was too uniformly "sombre." Let us see. The Overture is not sombre, it is majestic, jubilant, triumphant; and the orchestra (numbering about sixty in the absence of the Quintette Club) gave out the grand chords of the introduction with such a breadth and rich sonority as we had not heard for a long time; the quick *fugato* movement, too, was full of life and spirit, although there is yet something to be desired in point of perfect uniformity of phrasing in the violins.

Of the two short sacred songs, which Mr. WHITNEY sang in his best voice (transposing them of course) and with nobility of style, the first is simply grand, uplifting to the soul; the second, after a strain of tender, deep-felt penitence—extremely beautiful—ends with a rapturous outburst of hope and joy in the thought of the divine mercy; the very lively, and by no means easy piano accompaniment to this was finely played by Mr. LEONHARD.

The Concerto in G is certainly not "sombre." It is the most poetic, fascinating, lovely of all Concertos; full of delicate, fine fire; abounding, the Allegro at least, with a *bravura* which is the very efflorescence of a fancy all inspired with feeling. An indefinable charm pervades the movement. The Andante is serious, but not "sombre;" the musing, rapt *cantabile* of the piano, alternating with the stern unison of the orchestra, opens such glimpses of eternal peace and bliss beyond the stars, that you are unwillingly aroused from the delicious reverie; so short, so much! The vision is succeeded in the *Rondo* by the utmost elasticity of bright, exulting confidence as of a renewed youth, every nerve and fibre strung up to a quick and thrilling sense of finest life. Mr. LEONHARD interpreted this composition so satisfactorily four years ago, that there seemed nothing of poetic conception, feeling, purity, vitality and grace of execution left to be desired; this time he was even more fortunate, not only in his own part, but in a more sympathetic orchestral accompaniment, and in a remarkably responsive instrument, one of the most admirable of Chickering Grands, which it was inspiring to hear after the New York substitutes which had so

long occupied the Music Hall. The Cadenzas introduced by Mr. Leonhard were the usual ones by Moscheles,—quite effective, yet not just what one would imagine Beethoven himself to have made. Could that Concerto, so played, possibly weigh "heavily" upon any spirit at all musically appreciative? On the contrary its whole influence is uplifting, quickening; it lends wings to the weary soul, on which to soar and realize for once its native heavenly freedom.

Pass on now to the glorious old C-minor Symphony: brave, hopeful, heaven-cheered struggle, from the first, with destiny; in the Andante, lofty, holy, a divine song of high calling and encouragement, sounding as from within the deepest depths of the rapt hearer's inmost soul, where only one may find God; then the exciting Scherzo, big with impatient life and with mysterious, sure promise of the coming glory, and then the all-embracing, inexhaustible, resistless triumph of the march-like Finale. What is there "sombre" about that? or what of heaviness to weigh one down? Such full-freighted vessels, bearing magnificently onward, only buoy us up, whereas the flimsy little cockle shells in which we seek to skim leisurely and miscellaneous over life's deep sea, too often entail bitter, belittling vexations, making the heart heavier with a sense of emptiness and nothing found, nothing of new faith or love or hope to carry home. One wearies soonest of things light and trivial. If you would have us listen all-alive to a programme of music, give us *great* things. This we are pretty sure to get when the name of Beethoven occurs often. Nor could there be a greater or a fitter finale to a Beethoven programme than this same Fifth Symphony, which, we may safely say, was brought out this time with a degree of spirit and impressive grandeur scarcely excelled in any of the many renderings it has had in this for many years Beethoven-loving city.

Indeed it would be hard to name any important work of Beethoven's, of which the total impression, as it haunts us after we have heard it, could he called "sombre." There is the Funeral March, to be sure, in the *Eroica*; but even that has holy joy and triumph in it. Hence it is possible to do, what has been done repeatedly, what can hardly be done with any other composer, make up a programme wholly of his music without the slightest danger of fatiguing sameness. This was a concert in honor of BEETHOVEN, as not only the programme, but the noble offering (from a devoted lady who felt the spirit of the occasion) of the floral crown suspended over Crawford's statue, testified. It was the opening of a whole series of concerts so arranged as to pivot on the recognition of the Centennial Year of the great master as a central point. Indeed it could be called, in the cheerfuller sense of the word, a musical solemnity, implying dignity and grandeur, which surely are not necessarily sombre. What could be fitter coupled with the noble works already named? Certainly nothing trivial and light; nothing popular and hacknied; none of the "Future" novelties; none of the brilliant "effect" pieces; that would have spoiled the picture, made an incongruous medley of it. Bach in the greatest company is evermore in place. In the limited repertoire of vocal solos offered by Beethoven, and in the hope of realizing here some day that too long postponed performance of the Passion Music, what could be better, for one thing, than to give the audience a first hearing of that beautiful and noble Aria for a bass voice? Nor was the trust reposed thus in the true perception, taste and feeling of the audience thrown away. Sung as it was, in a good honest, simple way, with true nobility of style, by Mr. WHITNEY, although it might have had more depth and fineness of expression, it seemed to win the warmest general welcome, and will be eagerly asked for again whenever practicable. Verily it is a new sign and a hopeful, when all the critics of the daily papers go into rhapsodies about a work by Bach, as they did on

that next morning. Only they seem (some of them) to have mistaken the intention of the song. It is *not* to be supposed the song of Judas penitent, the outpouring of his remorse and bitter agony, and of his yearning to return to the "dear Master" whom he had betrayed. The words may have misled some into the idea; hence here again the "sombreness" was all imaginary. But such is not the dominant expression of the music. It is a song addressed (not in the mouth of any individual character, but rather of the Christian Church personified, according to the whole plan of the Poem) to the chief priests, not only pleading for the surrender of the betrayed one, but upbraiding them for his detention after the betrayer, himself has flung the wages of his treason at their feet and gone and hanged himself, hinting of the fate of Judas as a warning to themselves. Hence it is not at all a minor strain; the music waxes bold and confident as it goes on, albeit it is tempered with that tender, deep affection for the Master which inspires the Passion Music at whatever page you open. The composition surely is most beautiful and noble, both in the melody and orchestral accompaniment, which Bach left only written out for the quartet of strings, together with the figurative violin solo (finely played by Mr. LISTEMANN and which Robert Franz has filled out in the very spirit of the master by the addition of a pair of clarinets and of bassoons. Still more rehearsal would have given more of sympathetic fineness to the orchestral part, although it went not badly.

It only remains to speak of the Prelude to the third act of Cherubini's "Medea," which, for a short introduction to the Second Part, was music grand enough to go with Beethoven, and even stirring the imagination with something of the appalling power of the great introduction to the prison scene of "Fidelio." This, we admit, is "sombre" music; but it is also very thrilling and exciting, producing with quite simple means what a sublime effect! How impressive those deep unisons and those mighty, almost terrible crescendos! And most effectively did Mr. ZERRAHN wield his orchestral forces in producing them so palpably.

From the first to the last note of the concert, the attention of the whole audience was complete and earnest,—one of the best tokens of success artistically. The general impression, we believe, was that the various changes in the material of the orchestra, together with increased care in rehearsal, had brought about a manifest improvement, at least a better unity of tone and spirit. With each successive concert, the zealous conductor will have them still more perfectly in hand.

The Public Rehearsals thus far excite considerable interest, but the attendance must be still much larger, as we have little doubt it will be, to make them any 'benefit' to the musicians.

In this week's programme [the second], with its Haydn Symphony, first "Leonore" Overture, Fest-Overture by Rietz, and Solos for the Violin, there is nothing "heavy," unless it be the Lisztian "Preludes." As we go to press on Thursday, we can only notice it next time.

The Third Concert, Dec. 1, offers the second Overture to "Leonore" [first time]; the Aria and Gavotte from the Bach Suite in D; Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony; Cherubini's Overture to "Faniska" [new]; Schubert's Fantasia, op. 16, as arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt [which Mr. LANG will play]; and the Overture to "Euryanthe."—A fortnight later comes the central one of the three Beethoven Concerts, two days before the centennial birthday;—this by way of prelude to a "Choral Symphony" concert to be given jointly in the name of the Handel and Haydn Society and the Harvard Musical Association, probably on Saturday the 17th, which is the actual birthday.

CHAMBER CONCERTS. We have barely room to gather up a few of the most interesting. And here we are reminded of the loss we suffer in the disappearance of the old haunt of such music, Chickering Hall.

Mr. PERABO took for his first Friday Matinée [Oct. 23] the smaller Horticultural Hall,—a place in which, musically, we could not feel quite at home. There was a goodly audience,



however, of the right kind; the music sounded well, and the occasion was successful. He played the Beethoven Sonata in E flat (first of the two in op. 27), Fantasia-like in form, and very beautiful. He played it tenderly and with poetic feeling in the more delicate parts, and with great force and fire in the finale. Then two pleasing little pieces by Bargiel; and finally the great Fantasia in C, op. 15, by Schubert, in the original form, [we are to have it with orchestra.] This was done superbly; the broad harmony where the "Wanderer" theme comes in, and the strong *fugato* movement at the end especially. Mr. KREISSMANN, for whom indulgence was asked on the score of illness, nevertheless sang with true artistic style and feeling one of the most beautiful Tenor Recitatives and Arias from Bach's Passion Music: "Geduld, Geduld!" which points to the suffering Savior as a divine example of patience. Nothing more difficult in the whole Passion music could have been selected, and we doubt if in the country we could find another singer competent to undertake it. It made a deep impression. The three Franz songs, especially "Die Harrende" and the impassioned "Er ist gekommen," were most warmly received.

For the second Concert Mr. Perabo took us to the upper hall, which had a much more genial aspect. He began, for a novelty, with a Pastoral Sonata, op. 47, by Carl Löwe, the famous ballad writer, who died a year ago. It is called "Le Printemps" (the Spring), and its four movements represent: a). Dawn of Day [full of bird twitterings], and morning worship, Allegro; b). Broad Day (Allegretto); c). "Vie champêtre" (Scherzo); d). Evening Twilight, followed by Allegro assai. It is a graceful, cheerful, rather common-place "alt-Väterisch" composition, without marked individuality, but pleasant enough to hear for once. The three "Musical Sketches" by Sterndale Bennett: "The Lake," "The Millstream," "The Fountain" were very charming, characteristic, genial little pieces, well contrasted and original. The other Sonata of Beethoven's Op. 27, the well known "Moonlight," was most welcome for the closing piece. The singing was by Mrs. BARRY, who with admirable voice and feeling sang the "Cradle Song" from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, and three Songs by Robert Franz.

In the third Matinée (Nov. 25), Mr. Perabo will play Beethoven's Sonata, op. 31, No. 1, a theme with Variations from Schubert's D-minor Quartet; and four Songs, transcribed by Reinecke, from Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin,"—these last in place of the Bach Aria which Mr. Whitney was to sing.

A choice and charming programme was that of the Soirée, given by the teachers of the Boston Conservatory [Wednesday eve. Nov. 2] in the lower hall of Tremont Temple. In spite of the almost suffocating heat of the crowded cavernous place, the music was listened to with closest interest to the end. Two admirably contrasted Trios for piano, violin and 'cello: the great one in E flat by Schubert, and a fresh, delightful one by Haydn, in D major, No. 6, a model in its way, opened and closed the feast. Both were sung in a masterly manner by Messrs. LEONARD, EICHBERG and HEINDL. Mme. JOHANNSEN, of "Fidelio" memory, true artist as she is, although some portions of her voice are grown a little hard, can still command tones sweet and musical and strong, and many a grace of style. She sang Schubert's "Barcarolle" of a-ramalgam, and, with Signor ARNAVI, Mozart's "Le ci darem." Mr. H. WILDS made a decidedly good impression with one of the Arias from Handel's operas, arranged by Franz; as he did also with another of them in a former concert, the audience not being satisfied without a repetition of it. These were Alto Arias sung with a Bass voice.

### Christine Nilsson.

And now we come to the "musical event" of the day,—to the arrival and the triumph of the far famed, the eagerly awaited, the already, for sometime at least, established Queen of hearts, if not of Song, even in this "cold critical Athens," as silly folk elsewhere are wont to call it,—to the beautiful and fair young Swede, CHRISTINA NILSSON.

First, a word about the Nilsson Concerts, as such, and the musical material and personnel which Manager Max Strakosch has brought to us. Our readers know our dislike, as a rule, for *Miscellaneous Concerts*, in which, without artistic unity, "attractions" are huddled together in wearisome profusion in one programme, while music itself is humbled to the condition of mere tiring maid or valet for the dressing out and exhibition of My Lady or My Lord, the singing or performing person. Our musical public, too, are getting to have right notions in this matter, and sincerely to prefer the pure artistic occasion, even without "stars," to any sort of medley with stars. What we had read, therefore, of Mr. Strakosch's programmes in New York, did not prepossess us with a very strong desire to hear them. How far can the radiance of "one bright particular star" go, the mere hearing of one however real and resistless singer under such conditions,—playing central figure in a crowded, clumsy frame,—to reconcile us to a *mélange* of common-place things from Italian Operas, by a superfluity of stars of lesser magnitude; her own selections, even, being hackneyed arias by Verdi or Donizetti, modern French things, a few well-worn ballads, and the like? We felt this objection to the first programme here in Boston. But after hearing we must own that, for concerts of this kind, they are on the whole pretty well made up, while the selection of artists is particularly rich and choice.

In the first place we must commend a certain thoroughness with which all is done; the mere fact of an orchestra in all the Concerts,—a rather small one to be sure, and rough and boisterous too often,—under the experienced conductorship of MARETZKE, to open the bill with popular overtures like "Zampa," "Martha," "Masaniello," "Tell," "Fra Diavolo," close it with Wedding March, or march from *Le Prophète* (to which by the way, nobody listened,—one of the marks by which you know a virtuoso concert from an artistic one), as well as to accompany the solos. And here let us add this special praise: that every piece has been given with its full orchestral accompaniment where that existed, leaving only ballads and minor encore pieces to the pianist, Sig. BOSONI, who has shown himself a good accompanist.

What can we say enough in recognition of so rare and high an artistic presence, as that of HENRI VIEUXTEMPS, one of the world's really great violinists? A master, sound and ripe, in every sense of the word. Sure and perfect in whatever he undertakes. That he was when he first came here twenty-five years ago, when he had finer triumph with the few than Ole Bull had with the many; and again, thirteen years ago. But then we thought the very perfection of his playing a little dry and uninspired. Now he looks older, but plays younger, i. e. with more fire and out of a deeper feeling, than before. One could listen to his pure tones, his exquisite phrasing, and watch his graceful bowing all night long. His later compositions, too, display more character and power. That "Fantaisie Appassionata" is indeed a very impressive work, dramatic, and full of interesting ideas, which he always knows how to work up like an artist, for the orchestra as well. Almost as much may be said of the "Andante and Rondo," not to mention more familiar pieces. The *Romanza*, with piano, for an encore piece, is full of true and tender feeling; while, in the frolic vein, his fantasy on "St. Patrick's Day," is full of comic humor, and completely Irish. Nightly the veteran is recalled. What greater compliment could he have had, what better proof of an appreciative public, than on that first night, when, after the Overture, and the Duet by the two men, the vast crowd, all impatient for the Nilsson, not only listened with delight to his long and clever fantasia on Gounod's *Faust*, some twenty minutes, but even then insisted on his playing something more!

Miss ANNIE CARY, the Yankee girl, who left us four years since with the large, rich contralto voice, comes back an artist,—a genuine, good, honest singer, not perhaps of the inspired kind, but still a singer whom it is a joy to hear. And she is handsome, hearty, natural as ever; evidently well-taught, with none of the modern vocal affectations. She has proved her quality in a pretty wide range, having sung from *Semiramide*, the page's song in the *Huguenots*, *Ah! mon fils*, ballads, duets, &c.

Sig. BRIGNOLI is in good condition, and has done his part well upon the whole. VERGER has a good baritone, which he knows how to use, and has won recognition for the simple, modest, conscientious manner in which he has borne his part. It was really a pleasure to hear the Barber's "*Largo al factotum*" sung with vivacity and yet in so genteel a way.

And now for the central figure. It was indeed a privilege not to be called upon for an opinion after the first night. Nor are we eager even now after six concerts, to risk the declaration of a full opinion. To weigh so individual and fresh a creature in the scale of "criticism" were best not undertaken rashly; nor are we sure that we possess the fittest scales wherewith to weigh her. At the outset we renounce comparison. What is it whether NILSSON be as great as Jenny Lind, or Sontag, Bosio, and the other great ones? If there is one thing certain about her, it is that she is original, and must be judged of by herself. No matter how you may compare with others, no matter how carefully you catalogue the qualities of a fine voice, the orthodox requirements of a singer, and say she has not or she has all these (and just all this is said of every great singer), you have defined nothing if you leave out her. Her individuality, so Northern in its type, yet so unique, peculiarly her own, is the great secret of her charm. It took time and acquaintance to perceive this; it will take we know not how much more to read it fully. Of most *prime donne* one knows all in a short time; you can still hear with pleasure, but you expect nothing new. In this young Swede you always are prepared for something new. It is a new kind of a nature, a fresh revelation of the genius and the genius human. It charms you at the very first, but perhaps also disappoints you. We, for one, went home from the first concert somewhat puzzled, also somehow strangely spell-bound. Next to the grace and beauty of the apparition, the sweet winning smile, and frank cordial manner, your attention is caught by strange little ways and actions, seemingly wilful and coquettish, with which she keeps you waiting for her song. Then

she begins: the well-known Aria from Handel's *Theodora*: "Angels ever bright and fair." We thought she sang this, or at least began it, under some constraint, as if not quite at home with a new audience. We thought too that her singing of it seemed a little overstudied, as if she would make too much of the simple, noble melody. But there was no denying the sincere pathos of expression. It had a virginal, religious purity. One might doubt for a while whether so much delicacy of *sotto voce*, so much prolonging of a tone in *pianissimo*, were not conscious arts rather than real feeling, and whether all those tears stole into the voice unbidden; but we soon were too glad to dismiss such whispers from our mind.

The voice, as we felt partly then, as we know better now, is one of exceeding purity and beauty, not so uniformly large and great as some, but sympathetic and transparent, as it were, to such a degree that it hides itself in the expression of the song, and so eludes you as a palpable substance by itself. Her own nature, too, is so sympathetic, so dramatic in the true sense, so full of genius, that she transforms herself into her song, whatever it may be, the instant she begins to sing; and so she instantly arrests the full attention of her audience and holds it to the end. In the florid scena from *Lucia* she showed how her voice could revel in all the intricacies of such Italian bravura, and in the Cavatina from *La Traviata* she carried her audience away completely. For encores she gave a quaint old Swedish (Dalecarlian) dance tune, worked up into a witching little "Ball" scene, of changeable humor; and the homely "Minstrel" ballad of "Old Folks at Home," twice over, for the simple pathos of this was quite irresistible. Ballads by most singers make us squirm, but this was beautiful, one of Art's transfigurations. Yet has it not been given quite as many times as it will bear?

The triumph, with the many, was complete. And for the secret of it? Beauty of person, beauty of voice, the Northern nature, the rare individuality, the spell of genius still reserving far more than it shows. The voice is Northern, like herself; white (so to say) and colorless, till some emotion color it. A voice from the mountains, pure and spiritual; not sensuous and full of Southern warmth and color, as a permanent condition, but quickly flushed with color, in the play of feelings, like her own lustrous pale complexion. The harmony between her nature and her voice are perfect; voice and look and smile are one, so that you can scarce separate them; in tender, graceful passages the voice itself smiles. Moreover, she is something of a witch, an airy, tricky Northern sprite, a sort of being one might love, admire, and yet feel a certain fear of, as of a mermaid. Even that first night one carried away the impression that there was something weird and eerie, something a little preterhuman about it; the imaginative brain of the young peasant girl, who sang her songs and played her violin at village fairs, was surely cradled amid Northern Lights. There is always something unexpected to come from her. Yet how womanly, how truly human! This Undine has a soul.

Two more remarks only now, for our space is gone. First, it is vastly in favor of the singer, that her capacities of voice are not in haste to make themselves all known at all times. The mad scene of Ophelia, the second night, revealed dramatic qualities you had not known before; the recitative from Mozart's *Tito* and the air still more, and only in one of the last concerts, when she gave out "Let the bright Seraphim" in such great, thrilling, penetrating, splendid tones, had most of her audience suspected that power in her. It is a great artist that can keep such powers back so long.—Secondly, in her most tragic and impassioned passages, some suspect her, because she can so readily and instantly throw off the part and seem to play with those about her. This is a faculty of all great actors, actors of genius we mean; they can both feel their part and be embodied in it, and at the same time stand outside of it. This is the difference between actual life and true imagination.—Finally, to say all in a word, Christine Nilsson is a real singer, one who sings and does not merely vocalize.—Of the other concerts next time.

### Reminiscences of Nilsson.

To the Editor of the Boston Times:

The story of Nilsson's studies in Paris has been already told; but the chroniclers have failed to do justice to a lady, who, for three years, devoted her energy, ability,—in fact her entire self,—to the early education of the celebrated singer. In Batignolles, a suburb of Paris, on a retired street, is a white house with a prim exterior, which seemed to have had an influence on the street, for it always appeared to be enjoying a struggle with dirt, which its neighbors for some reason, never attempted. In this prim house the reader would have discovered a matronly lady—a true specimen of the thoroughbred English gentlewoman, by name Mme. Collinet. She was in charge of a school—one of those select establishments where the first daughters of England received what is commonly termed a "finished education." It was there

that the final polish had been delivered to the dull brain of many a fair scholar.

In 1861, Mlle. Nilsson became an *élève* there. Her *spirituelle* character, her artless and happy winning disposition, which cannot now be suppressed upon the stage, won for her the affection of her playmates and the love of her mistress, Mme. Collinet,—whose acts of kindness and charity are recorded in the hearts of many in Paris, as you may say,—adopted Christine, and she labored for her success with extraordinary love and fidelity. Soirées were given at the school during the winter months, and Mme. Collinet's soon became a rendezvous of the musically cultivated Parisians. There was no jealousy of Nilsson among her companions; on the contrary, they all seemed to struggle as to which should sing her praises the loudest. Full of fun, the "Swedish songstress" then was at the head of every frolic that was originated at the school.

It was during one of these soirées that the writer first made the acquaintance of the cantatrice. She was leading a skirmishing party of her fun-loving companions, their laughter and wholesome enjoyments pervaded the rooms, when Mlle. Collinet called her from her spirits, and with a face all flushed with pleasure she hastily came bounding across the room in answer to the call. There was a grace, a self-possession so extremely artless exhibited then, which has since been the remark of thousands. During the evening Mlle. Nilsson appeared *en costume de bal masqué*, and she gave some *morceaux* from *Traviata* with marvellous effect. Her debut was approaching. Her vocal teacher was present, and I kept my eyes alternately on him and his pupil. In fact it was difficult to separate one from the other, as there seemed to exist so much sympathy between them.

Over six years have gone by; time in union with wilful fortune has separated the writer from the cantatrice. It was therefore with some feelings of distrust that, having learned the hour Mademoiselle Nilsson received, he handed his card to her valet. After waiting some time he was invited to mount the staircase of the Revere House leading to her apartments. Two minutes more and Nilsson, the great singer, was before him. It was a warm reception to tender so humble an individual as myself. Where was the dignity, cold and formal, which I had anticipated? The six years had simply played with the child of fortune. There was the same mellow ring to her laugh, the same laughing dimples to her smile, and the generous impulse of her nature still existed. How earnestly she reviewed our acquaintance abroad, her career since then, and interested herself in her more unfortunate brother.

Referring to her visit to America, Mlle. Nilsson expressed herself highly delighted with it. From her having arrived in New York, she considered that her "home" on the continent. It was there she had landed, and from there she should depart. It was with some feelings of anxiety that she had come to Boston. She had been told that the Bostonians were a hard set of people to move to enthusiasm, and that their *froidure* was the hardest of criticism to bear. She had dreaded such a reception. She could stand the most searching criticisms, but a stolid indifference, she was afraid, would be insufferably tormentable—(sic)

The generous nature of the cantatrice, her anxiety to please her audiences, in short her whole nature would be against such a reception. The Boston audience to which she was presented on Friday, the 4th of November, was enthusiasm itself, and she is of the opinion that her reception in Boston was better, when the character of her audience is considered, than what she had met with elsewhere. She is enthusiastic in the praises of the Boston people, and firmly asserts her preference for Boston and its characteristics.

Her terror of the east winds was rather amusing. Their powers of evil had evidently been greatly exaggerated to her, for she seemed to regard them with the same terror that a boy regards hobgoblins, etc. At her concert on Monday evening, November 7th, in an encore of "Com'is tu le pays," she sang "J'ai revé de toi, Clara Collinet," a song which called forth much applause. It was to her old friend, Mme. Collinet of Batignolles, that she had sung, and the act itself does much towards asserting her affection and appreciation of her old mistress.

Thus, when thousands are singing the praises of the cantatrice, it would seem a fitting opportunity to record against the name of Mme. Collinet all the credit which to her belongs for her careful rearing of her scholar. Six years ago Nilsson made her debut in the Theatre Lyrique of Paris. It was from Mme. Collinet's school in Batignolles that she went there, and her heart now seems overflowing with gratitude to a faithful and disinterested lady who labored for her as for a child. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

H. R.

### Nilsson at the Swedish Lutheran Church at North Bridgewater.

There is at the present time no Swedish Church in New England. At Mrs. Drake's Hall, Campello, near Bridgewater, a small gathering of the Northmen has been held every Sunday. The society—if the gathering may be so termed—was composed of Swedes who were engaged in the shoe factories of North Bridgewater. About thirty-five of the faithful have been thus accustomed to meet. Early in December, 1869, the Rev. Henry Lindeblad, then of Henry, Illinois, started for the East for a three months' sojourn on missionary efforts. He visited the hall in Campello, and by his efforts the small assemblage of thirty-five increased to eighty. The society has been in existence since 1867, but until his visit it never assumed any importance. \* \* \*

A few days ago, Messrs. H. Lindeblad and C. G. Lagergreen, a delegation appointed by the society to visit Nilsson, called upon her, and they obtained through her influence the permission of Mr. Strakosch to allow her to sing in a concert in aid of the society of her countrymen. Last evening that concert took place. At half past four Mlle. Nilsson, in the company of Mr. Jarrett, her manager, and of Colonel W. W. Berg and other prominent Swedes, left the Old Colony depot by special train for North Bridgewater, where the concert in aid of the Swedish Church had been arranged to take place at the Universalist Church of the Disciples (Rev. J. M. Atwood). On arriving at the town, shortly after five o'clock, the depot was found to be in the hands of an eager and curious crowd, not by any means distinguishable for its good behavior. Miss Annie L. Cary left the car first, and the crowd at once supposed she was Mlle. Nilsson. They accordingly escorted her to a hack, crowded round her and tendered her the importunities which they had specially reserved for Mlle. Nilsson. At last the church was reached, and to a crowded house representing twenty-five hundred dollars the following programme was given:—

1. Trio—"Messa Solenne.".....Rossini  
Miss Cary, Signor Brignoli and Signor Verger.
2. Ave Maria.....Gounod.  
Mlle. Nilsson  
With Violin Obligato, by Mons. Vieuxtemps
3. Romance.....Donizetti.  
Signor Brignoli.
4. Aria—"Ah, mon Fils.".....Meyerbeer.  
Miss Cary.
5. Reverie—Violin.....Vieuxtemps.  
Mons. Vieuxtemps.
6. Cantique—"Le Rameux.".....Faure.  
Signor Verger.
7. Swedish Melodies.....Mlle. Nilsson.

Mlle. Nilsson was received with great enthusiasm. Her rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" was encored, and she treated the audience to the familiar and pathetic "Home, Sweet Home." Brignoli's performance was much applauded, and he was compelled to respond to the encore. Mlle. Cary in like manner was favored, and Monsieur Vieuxtemps had to treat them to the "Arkansas Traveller," in response to the loud calls. Mr. Verger has never done better than he did at this concert. His solo was adapted to his voice, and the church was also within its power. Mlle. Nilsson gave her "Swedish Melodies" charmingly. Her countrymen, a large number of whom were in the audience, seemed perfectly carried away by her talent, and when in a second response she sang the "Old Folks at Home," and when her own emotion seemed to threaten a break down, it is difficult to describe the feeling which seemed to have taken possession of the audience. She was recalled amid storms of applause.

On leaving the church, in the vestry a number of her countrymen had gathered, and a song of praise was given by the congregation of the Swedish Lutheran church of Bethesda, Mlle. Nilsson singing with the rest. At the depot another crowd had assembled, and Mlle. Nilsson showed herself at the windows, and amid the cheers of the people the party left.

COUNTING THE COST.—The Weekly Season (Philadelphia), gives the following estimate of the cost of taking a young lady to hear Mlle. Nilsson:

To two tickets.....	\$8.00
Carriage.....	6.00
One pair of kids.....	2.50
One neck-tie.....	1.25
One bouquet.....	.50
Concert-book.....	.25
Supper.....	5.00
Papers next morning [to see whether it was a good concert].....	18
Seeing a man at intermission.....	50
Bust of Nilsson, which J. Maria would buy before she heard her.....	5.00
Total.....	\$29.18

N. B.—The young man's weekly board is only \$12 50, and his salary \$23.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Lullaby. (Cradle Song). 3. C to c. Weber. 30  
A sweet little gem from the German, with an easy accompaniment.

The Long Waves come and go. Barcarolle. 4.  
D to f sharp. Gabriel. 40  
A graceful melody, with a rolling arpeggio accompaniment.

"Come when the waves are rocking,  
My bark upon their breast,  
As a mother lulls her little one,  
To and fro to rest."

Old Folks at Home. 2. D to c. Foster. 35  
The same old plantation melody, the best ever written, now revived with touching effect by Mlle. Nilsson, as an encore ballad. Embellished with a lithograph of Nilsson.

Put my little shoes away. 3. Ab to g flat. Pratt. 30

"Mother dear come bathe my forehead,  
For I'm growing very weak,  
Mother let one drop of water  
Fall upon my burning cheek."

Silently, tenderly, mournfully home. A Quartet  
for male voices. 2. Ab to a flat. Barker. 30

A soldier's dirge.  
"Silently, tenderly, mournfully home,  
Not as they marched away,  
Volunteers come.  
Not with the sword and gun,  
Not with the stirring drum,  
Come our dead heroes home."

The Captive. (L'Esclave.) With English and  
French words. 3. E. Cornac. 30  
A sweet French melody with a pretty accompaniment.

"Captive, worn drear and sad with waiting,  
Back once more blissful fancy strays  
To fairer days.  
By my lone prison window grating,  
Watching the birdling as he flies,  
Through azure skies."

#### Instrumental.

Marche de Nuit. 6. Ab. Wehli. 1 00  
Beginning with an andante misterioso, it takes up an effective march movement, with a few difficult passages for the left hand.

Silver Bells. 4. F. Wehli. 75  
A silvery little melody arranged for that portion of the scale of the piano which best illustrates the title.

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As melodious in style as the popular waltzes of this composer which have been so much admired. Dedicated to Mlle. Nilsson.

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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.



